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Doctor Who
Classics Series 2 Issue #5

The Tides of Time Part 1, 2, and 3

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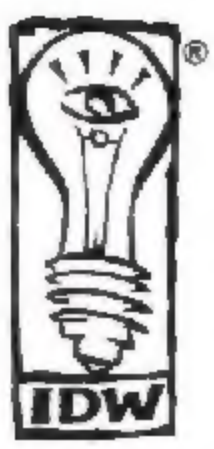

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HALFWAY ACROSS THE UNIVERSE (HALFWAY, THAT IS, FROM WHEREVER YOU HAPPEN TO BE AT THIS TIME) OCCURS THE VAST, BIO-MECHANICAL COMPLEX KNOWN AS THE **EVENT SYNTHESIZER**...

SINCE THE DAWN OF TIME, THE SYNTHESIZER HAS PRODUCED THE ORDERED VIBRATIONS OF THE COSMOS...

CREATING EVENTS IN A LOGICAL, HARMONIOUS SEQUENCE TO FLOW INTO THE MAIN TIME-STREAM...

FROM THE NOTES AND CHORDS STRUCK BY ITS GUARDIAN OF OLD, **THE PRIME MOVER!**

IN THE KEY OF G-SHARP...

...A-SHARP... C... G-SHARP... THAT'S NICE... REPEAT G-SHARP, THEN D-SHARP...

I THINK WE HAVE A **THEME!**

A LITTLE BIT OF PHRASING HERE...

A FEW TWIDDLY BITS!

JANG!

UH? GOOD GRIEF! NO!

THE PRIME MOVER EXPERIENCED A WAVE OF **FEAR** AS HIS FINGERS **FUMBLED** AT THE KEYBOARD!

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN CENTURIES ... A NOTE OF **DISCORD** WAS STRUCK!

THE TIDES OF TIME

Script: Steve Parkhouse Art: Dave Gibbons Editor: Alan McKenzie

AT THAT PRECISE MOMENT, HALF A UNIVERSE AWAY ON THE GREEN MEADOWS OF EARTH, ANOTHER **VITAL** EVENT WAS TAKING PLACE...

YOU'RE IN, DOC ... DON'T FORGET, KEEP A **STRAIGHT BAT!**

'OW WAS 'E!!

OH, WELL BOWLED!

NICE ONE, TOM!

HARD LUCK, SKIPPER! SHOULDN'T HAVE PUT YOURSELF IN SO SOON!

NUTS!

MIDDLE AND LEG PLEASE, BILL...

TOWARDS YOU, DOCTOR... JUST A FRACTION... THAT'S MIDDLE AND LEG!

A HUSH FELL OVER THE FIELD AS THE DOCTOR FACED HIS FIRST BALL...

OWZAT!!
DOWN, EVERYBODY!
HUH?
CLACK

I SAY... WHAT THE DEVIL'S GOING ON? THEY'RE ALL LEGGIN' IT TO THE BOUNDARY!
MOST IRREGULAR!
WHUMPH!

ON THE SAME VILLAGE GREEN... FORTY YEARS PREVIOUSLY...
WHAT THE 'ELL'S GOING ON, ATKINS? THIS IS GRENADE PRACTICE... NOT FLAMIN' CRICKET!
HONESTLY, SARGE... IT WAS A GRENADE WHEN IT LEFT MY HAND! I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND IT!!

AND FORTY YEARS HENCE... THAT CONFUSION IS ECHOED...
I MUST BE DREAMING! A CRICKET BALL LEFT MY HAND... AND A GRENADE DESTROYS THE WICKET!
THAT CRATER IS NO DREAM... IT HAPPENED ALRIGHT!

I'M JUST STUNNED! I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND IT!!
THEY SAID YOUR BOWLING WAS DYNAMITE... BUT THIS IS GOING TOO FAR!
BLAM! BLAM!
NOW WHAT? THAT SOUNDS LIKE GUNSHOTS!

THEY CAME FROM THE LANE BY WELLS WOOD!
WHAT ON EARTH IS GOING ON?

IT'S JACK! JACK PARTRIDGE! HAVE YOU BEEN LOOSIN' OFF, JACK?
AVE. I 'AVE!

I WAS ON ME BIKE ... I JUST COME ROUND THE CORNER AND THEY WERE STANDING THERE ... WHOLE GANG OF 'EM ...
TWO OF 'EM COME AT ME WITH SWORDS ... I MANAGED TO GET ONE ... THE OTHER RUN OFF INTO THE WOODS ...
THEN THEY ... WELL ... VANISHED!

ALRIGHT, YOU LOT STAY HERE ... I'LL HAVE A SCOUT ROUND ...
WATCH YOUR STEP, JIM!
YES ... BE CAREFUL.
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE UP AGAINST!

P.C. JIM MARSHALL VENTURED TENTATIVELY INTO THE COOL, DARK GLADE ...
THE COMFORTABLE, FAMILIAR ATMOSPHERE OF WELLS WOOD HAD CHANGED TO ONE OF LURKING MENACE!

WHO'S THERE?
WHO'S THAT?
COME ON OUT!!

WITH A CRASH OF UNDERGROWTH, A STRANGELY-GARBED FIGURE LURCHED INTO THE LIGHT!
GOOD GRIEF!!

AAARGH!
REACTING INSTINCTIVELY, P.C. MARSHALL FELL BACK BEFORE HIS ATTACKER...
AND USED HIS MOMENTUM TO EXECUTE A NEAT THROW...

THE FIGURE FELL HEAVILY TO THE GROUND...
OOF!

DON'T GET EXCITED! WE DON'T WANT TO HARM YOU!
?

WATCH OUT!
CHONK!
BLAST! HE'S RUINED MY BEST BAT!
GET OUT THE WAY, DOC!!

BLAM!
NO!! YOU FOOL!!

HE'S GONE!
JUST LIKE THE OTHERS!

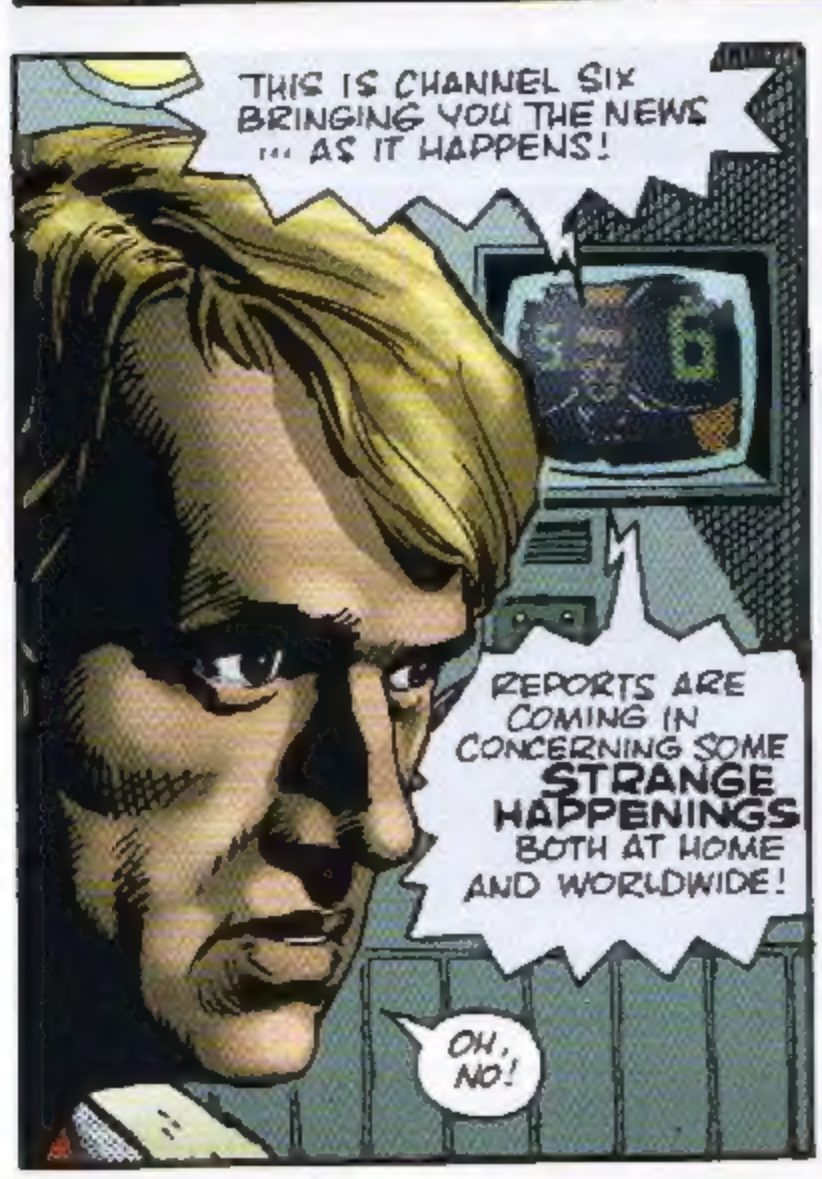
NOBODY WILL EVER BELIEVE THIS...
I DON'T BELIEVE IT MYSELF!
IT AIN'T REAL, IS IT? IT'S SOME KIND OF ILLUCINATION!
OH, IT'S REAL, ALRIGHT... ONLY TOO REAL...
THAT ROMAN LEGIONARY WAS TERRIFIED!
HE WAS AS MYSTIFIED AS WE WERE...
THERE'S SOME KIND OF ANOMALY IN TIME GOING ON HERE... I'VE GOT SOME INVESTIGATING TO DO!

SOME PRANKSTER ON THE LOOSE WITH ANOTHER TARDIS? COULD BE...
THOUGH I DON'T SEE WHAT THEY COULD HOPE TO GAIN BY IT...

OF COURSE... IT COULD BE THE TARDIS ITSELF...
IT ALWAYS DID HAVE A MIND OF ITS OWN!

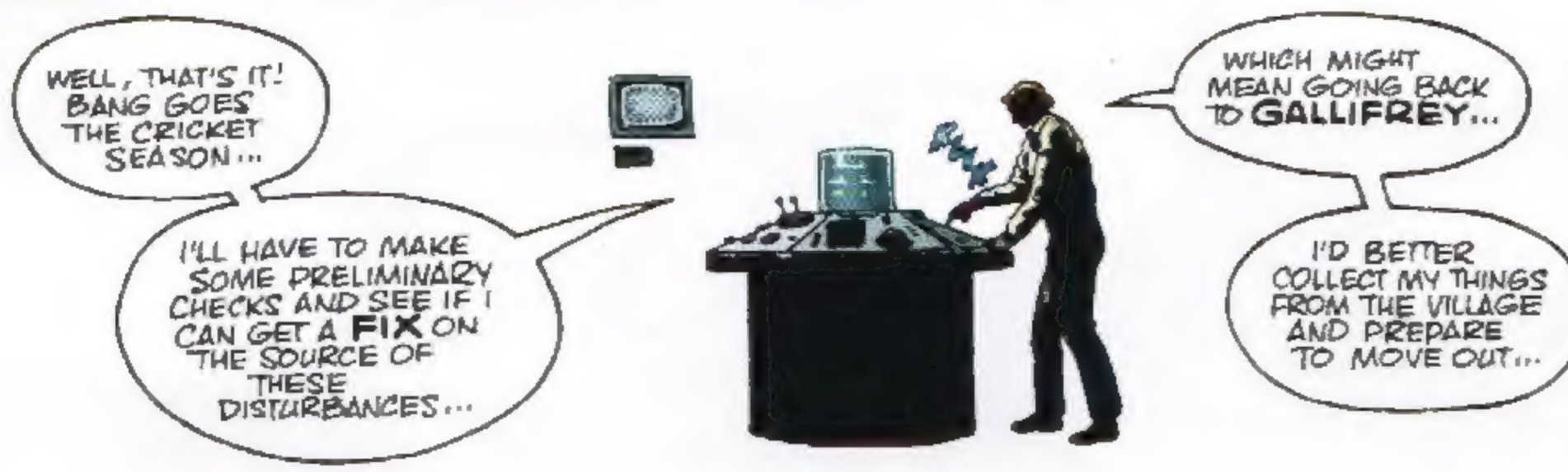
AND THAT MEANS A COMPLETE CHECK AND OVERHAUL...
DRAT IT! I WAS JUST BEGINNING TO ENJOY IT HERE!

BUT FIRST... LET'S SEE HOW LOCALISED THESE DISTURBANCES ARE...
KLIK
IF IT'S ON A GLOBAL SCALE ... WE'RE IN TROUBLE!


THIS IS CHANNEL SIX BRINGING YOU THE NEWS ... AS IT HAPPENS!
REPORTS ARE COMING IN CONCERNING SOME STRANGE HAPPENINGS BOTH AT HOME AND WORLDWIDE!
OH, NO!

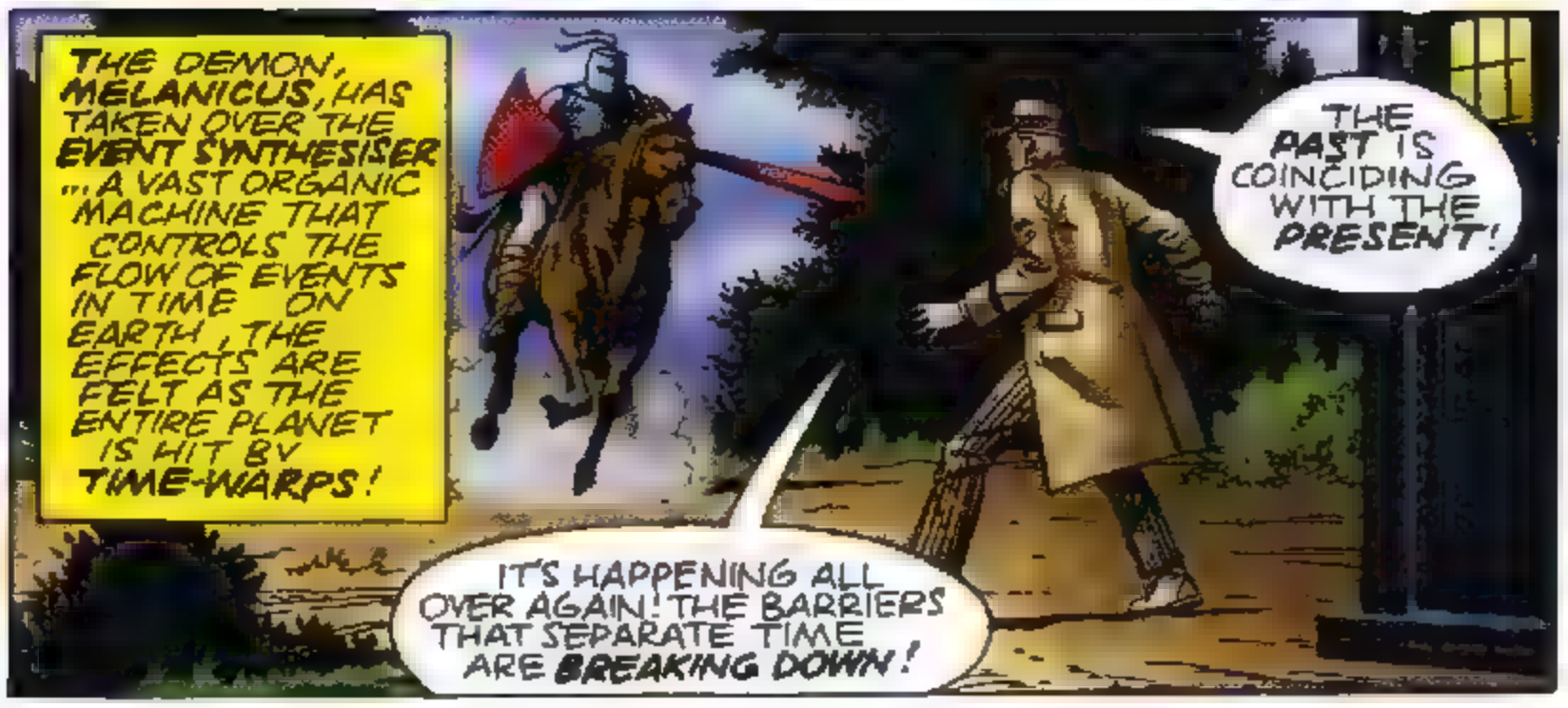
IT SEEMS IT'S THE UFO SEASON AGAIN! A WHOLE FLIGHT OF BRIGHTLY GLOWING OBJECTS WAS SEEN OVER THE CITY OF PERTH, AUSTRALIA JUST BEFORE DAWN TODAY...
AND AT HOME A LONG-DISTANCE TRUCKER CLAIMS HIS RIG WAS ATTACKED BY A CHEYENNE WAR-PARTY!!

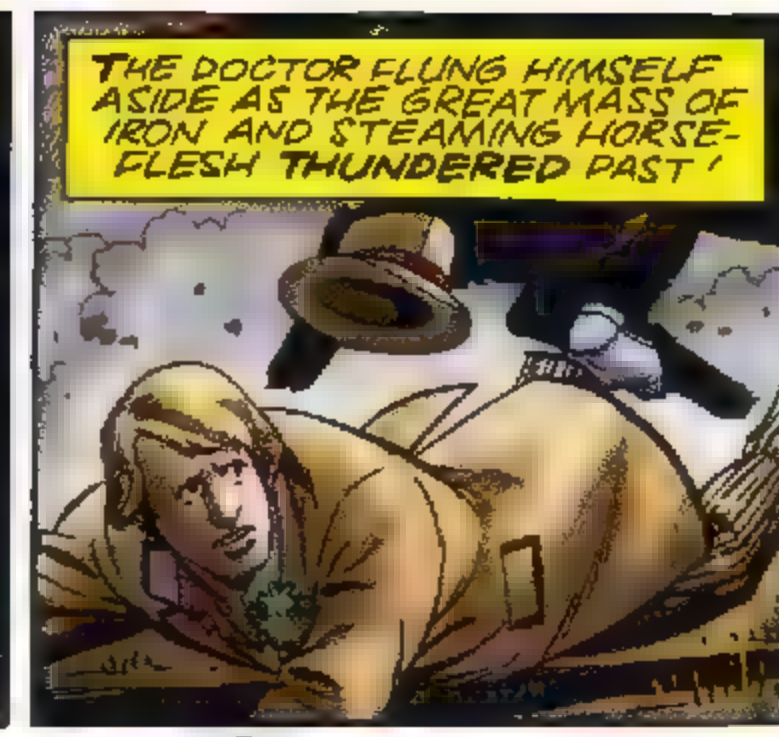
STAY TUNED TO CHANNEL SIX FOR MORE DETAILS OF THESE STORIES ... AND OTHERS ... AFTER THIS SHORT BREAK!


WELL, THAT'S IT! BANG GOES THE CRICKET SEASON...
I'LL HAVE TO MAKE SOME PRELIMINARY CHECKS AND SEE IF I CAN GET A FIX ON THE SOURCE OF THESE DISTURBANCES...
WHICH MIGHT MEAN GOING BACK TO GALLIFREY...
I'D BETTER COLLECT MY THINGS FROM THE VILLAGE AND PREPARE TO MOVE OUT...

IN ANOTHER PLACE AND TIME ... THE PRIME MOVER FOUND HIMSELF CONFRONTED BY AN AWESOME PRESENCE...
FOR HIS DISCORDANT NOTES HAD FRACTURED THE PATTERN OF HARMONY, CREATING A GAP IN TIME...
A GAP THROUGH WHICH THERE NOW PLUNGED A HORRIFYING FIGURE ... THE DEMON MELANICUS!
FOR A THOUSAND YEARS I HAVE WAITED! A THOUSAND YEARS IN THE BLACK, FORMLESS VOID...
AND NOW I LIVE!
NO! GO BACK! YOU HAVE NO PLACE IN THIS WORLD!
STAND ASIDE, OLD ONE! YOU HAVE RULED FOR TOO LONG!
THIS WORLD NOW HAS A NEW MASTER!
FEAR!
DESTRUCTION!
THERE ARE BEINGS IN THIS REALM WHO HAVE SEEN MY FACE ...
IN THE SHADOW-WORLD OF THEIR DARKEST DREAMS...
FOR THEM ... AS FOR ALL ... I PROMISE ONLY ...

AND UNENDING CHAOS!!





OOF!

CRACK!

KRANG!

THE TIDES OF TIME PART TWO

SCRIPT – STEVE PARKHOUSE ART – DAVE GIBBONS EDITOR – ALAN McKENZIE

HMMMMMMMMMMMMM
THE ELECTRO-MAGNET! IT'S WORKING A TREAT!
NOW IF THERE WAS SOME WAY I COULD GET HIS ARMOUR OFF... AND GET HIM UP OFF THE FLOOR...
SUDDENLY...
WHERE AM I? WHAT PLACE IS THIS?
THAT MIGHT BE...ER... A LITTLE DIFFICULT TO EXPLAIN! BUT YOU'RE QUITE SAFE, I ASSURE YOU!
SAFE? YES, I KNOW I AM SAFE..AM I NOT IN GOD'S HANDS? BESIDES, I PERCEIVE NO EVIL IN YOUR FACE...
...AND A MIRACLE HAS HAPPENED, MY FRIEND! I WAS ABOUT TO CROSS LANCES WITH SIR HECTOR OF RICHMOND ...WHEN OF A SUDDEN I FOUND MYSELF IN ANOTHER TIME ... ANOTHER WORLD!
IS THAT NOT MIRACULOUS?
YES... IT IS! I NEVER LOOKED AT IT THAT WAY BEFORE...
IT'S THE FAMILIARITY, YOU SEE... ONE BECOMES ACCUSTOMED TO IT.
ACCUSTOMED TO MIRACLES? BUT MIRACLES ARE THE WORK OF GOD ...THEN YOU MUST BE AN ANGEL OF GOD!
NO, NO! I ONLY DO WHAT I THINK IS RIGHT!

MEANWHILE, AT THE KEYBOARD OF THE EVENT SYNTHESISER, MELANICUS CONSIDERED HIS NEXT MOVE... WITH AN ENTIRE DIMENSION UNDER HIS CONTROL, THE CHOICE WAS ENORMOUS!

IT WOULD BE INTERESTING, WOULD IT NOT... TO GIVE MYSELF POWER ABOVE AND BEYOND THE DREAMS OF MORTAL BEINGS...?

TO BE OMNIPRESENT! TO BE IN ALL PLACES AT ONCE... TO BE ALL-KNOWING... ALL POWERFUL! THE RULER OF ALL TIME!

THE SYNTHESISER'S GUARDIAN, THE PRIME MOVER, STRUGGLED TO INTERVENE...

NO! YOU CANNOT! THERE ARE THOSE WHO WOULD STOP YOU! ON EVERY WORLD THEY WOULD FIGHT YOU... AND WIN!

THAT'S IT, OLD ONE! YOU HAVE HELPED ME IN MY DECISION!

I MUST HIDE! THERE... IN THE ABYSS OF TIME... I WILL DWELL FOR EVER... BEYOND THE REACH OF ALL...

AND YET CONTROLLING THEM... LEADING THEM ALL IN THE DANCE OF DEATH! INTO THE DOORS OF THE DARK KINGDOM!

THEN ALL BEGAN TO BLUR BEFORE THE PRIME MOVER'S EYES... AND HE NOT KNOWING IF THE SYNTHESISER ITSELF HAD MOVED...

...OR THE UNIVERSE AROUND IT!

WHATEVER THE CASE... AS THE GREAT DEVICE PHASED OUT OF TIME, IT LEFT ONLY A WHORLING VORTEX BEHIND...

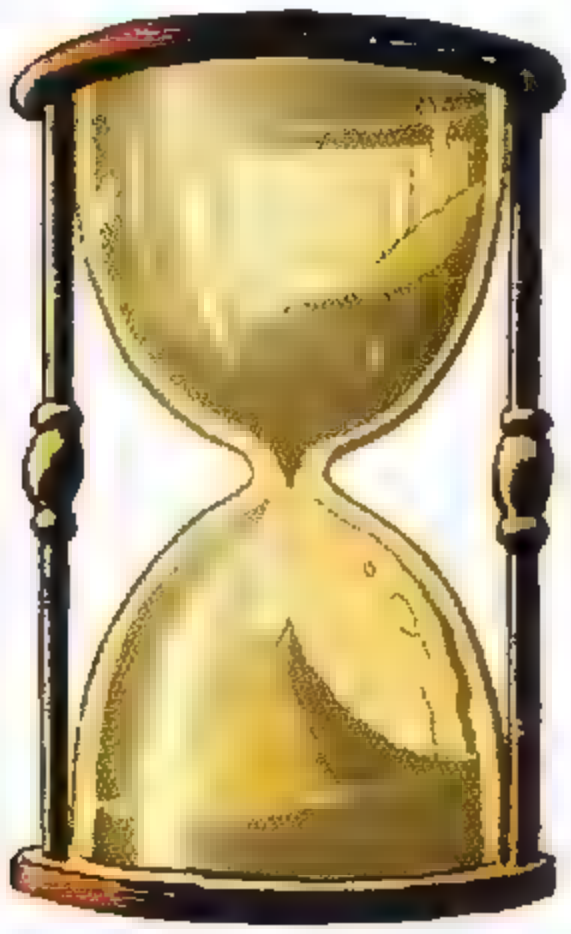
NO... I CAN'T ...HOLD ON...

A MAELSTROM.. A WHIRLPOOL IN TIME... THAT NOW THREATENED TO ENGULF ANYTHING AT HAND...

AAAAAG

INTO THE MAELSTROM PLUNGED THE PRIME MOVER... INTO THE SEETHING DEPTHS OF EVERYWHERE AND NOWHERE...

LOST IN THE ABYSS... LIKE A TINY GRAIN IN THE SANDS OF TIME...



AND AMIDST THE MENTAL LANDSCAPE OF THE GREAT MATRIX DATA BANK ON THE PLANET GALLIFREY...

ANOTHER MIND CONTEMPLATED THE ANOMALIES OF TIME...

A MIND WELL ACQUAINTED WITH THE PARADOXES OF PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE... THE COSMIC ENGINEER HIMSELF... RASSILON!

SO! IT HAS COME TO PASS... ANOTHER HAS SEIZED THE REINS OF TIME...

AND WOULD SEEK TO CONTROL THE FLOW OF EVENTS, ACCORDING TO HIS OWN WHIM...

THIS CANNOT BE ALLOWED!

WE HAVE PONDERED ENOUGH... NOW WE MUST ACT!

SURELY WE MUST BE PATIENT, RASSILON? THE DECISION IS NOT OURS ALONE TO MAKE ...WE HAVE OTHERS TO CONSIDER...

WE MUST BE CAUTIOUS!

I AGREE WITH MORVANE! REPRESENTATIVES ARE GATHERING FROM THE FURTHEST REACHES OF THE COSMOS, RASSILON...

IT'S TIME WE RECOGNISED THE HIGHER EVOLUTIONARIES OF OTHER WORLDS AND ENDED OUR ISOLATION!

BUT WE ARE UNIQUELY QUALIFIED TO DEAL WITH THIS PROBLEM...WE HAVE AN AGENT WHO IS WILLING TO GO BEYOND THE BOUNDARIES OF TIME AND SPACE...AS LONG AS HIS FREE WILL IS MAINTAINED...

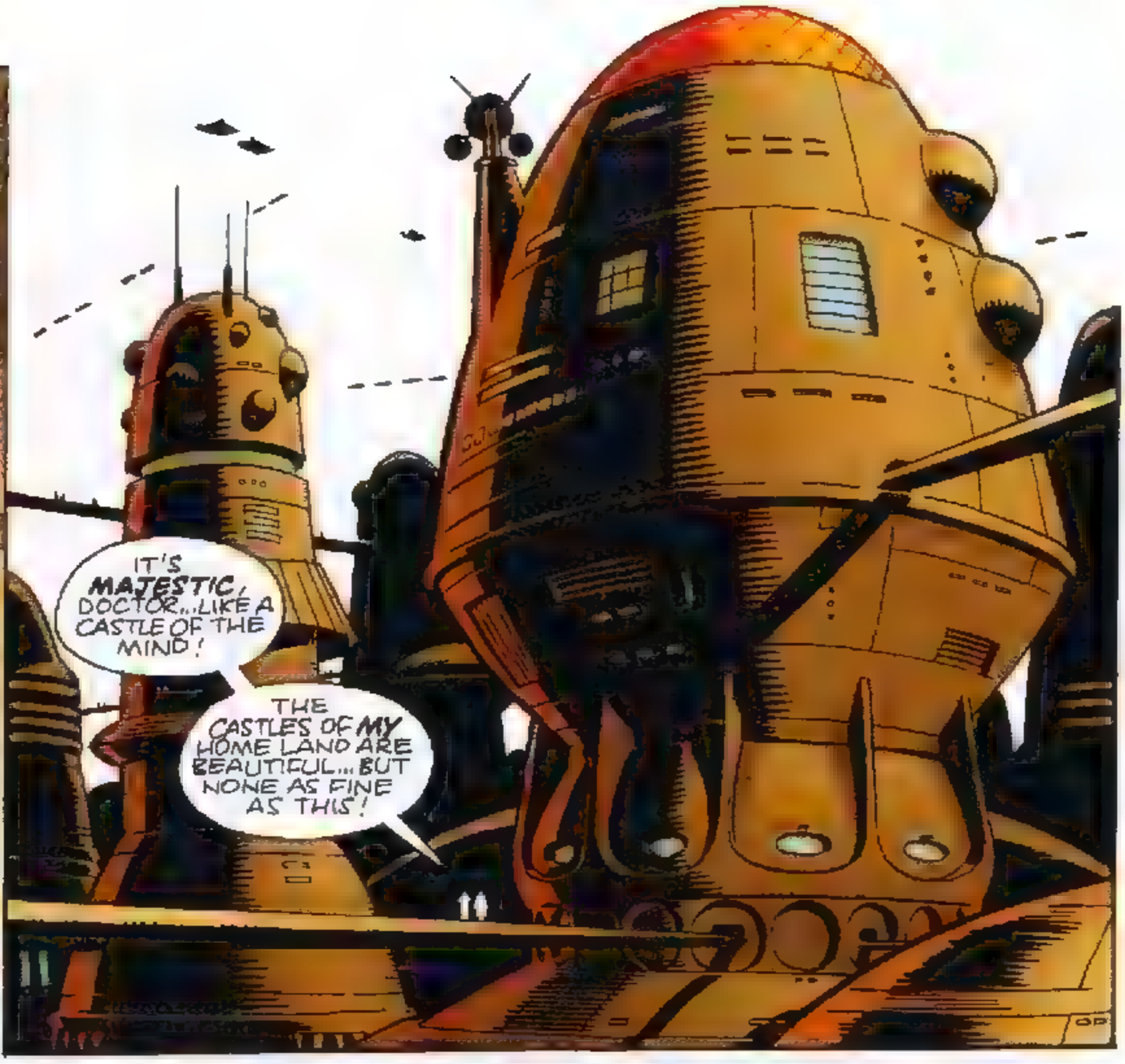
BUT HE IS A ROVER...A WANDERER! WHO CAN TELL WHERE HE WILL GO NEXT? OR WHERE HE IS NOW?

I THINK HE MAY ALREADY BE HERE...ON GALLIFREY!

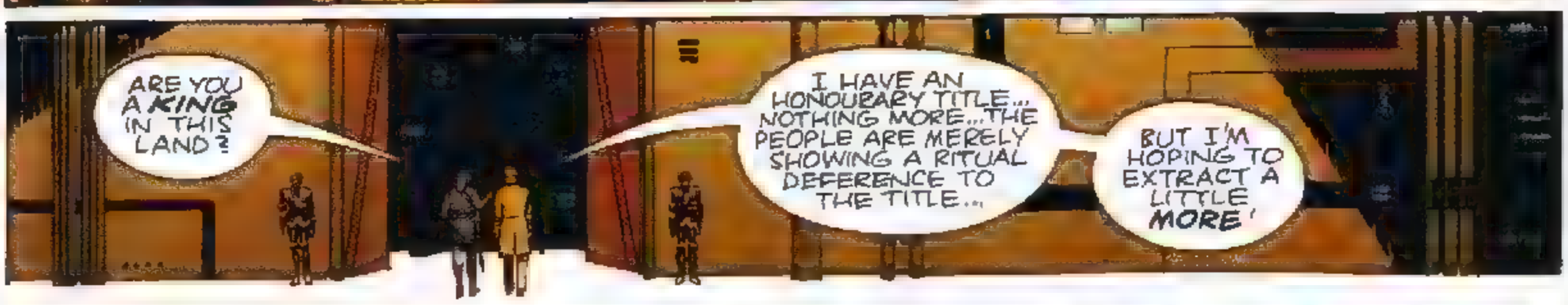
AT THAT MOMENT, IN A NEARBY MATERIALISATION ZONE...

WORP! WORP!

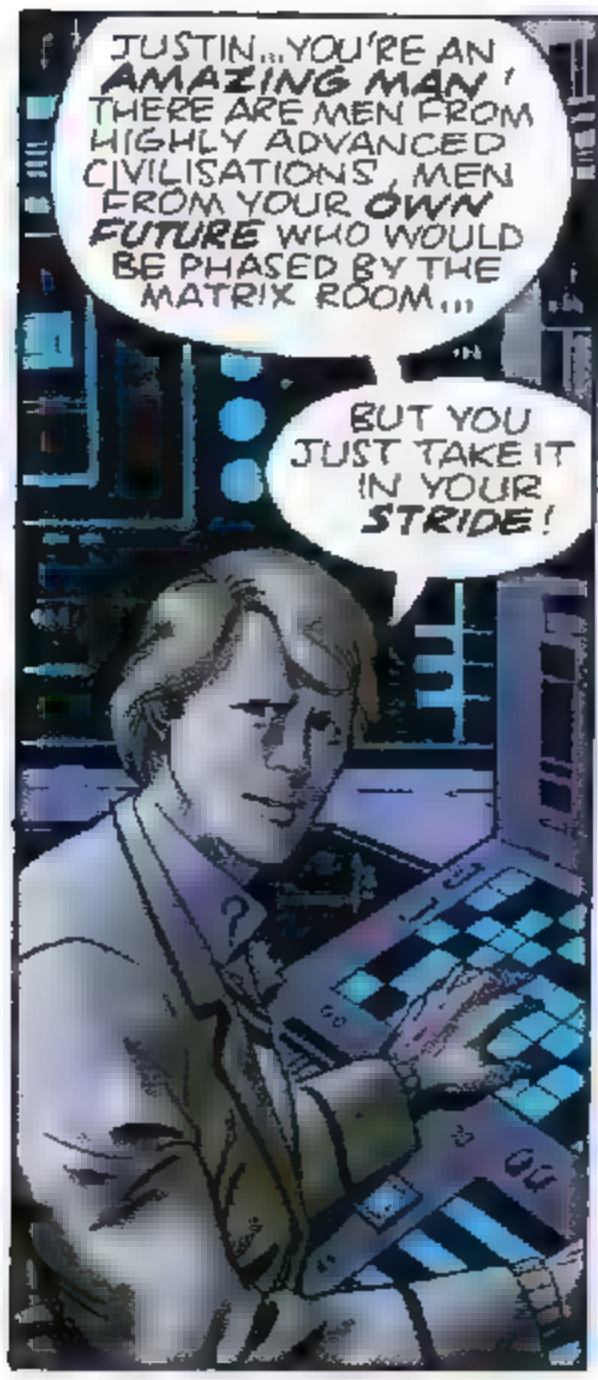
WELCOME TO GALLIFREY, SIR KNIGHT! THIS IS MY NATIVE PLANET... SOME DAY, WHEN MY WANDERINGS ARE OVER.. I WILL MAKE MY HOME HERE!
WHAT DO YOU THINK?


IT'S MAJESTIC, DOCTOR...LIKE A CASTLE OF THE MIND!
THE CASTLES OF MY HOME LAND ARE BEAUTIFUL... BUT NONE AS FINE AS THIS!

THE DOCTOR'S ARRIVAL HAD NOT GONE UN-NOTICED...FOR IN THE SECURITY WING OF THE PANOPTICON COMPLEX...
THE PRESIDENT'S TARDIS HAS MATERIALISED, CAPTAIN! HIS PERSONAL CODE HAS BEEN VERIFIED BY MATRIX CENTRAL!
OPEN THE MAIN DOORS... CLEAR THE MATRIX ROOM...ALL INLETS ARE TO BE MADE ACCESSIBLE TO THE PRESIDENT AT ONCE!

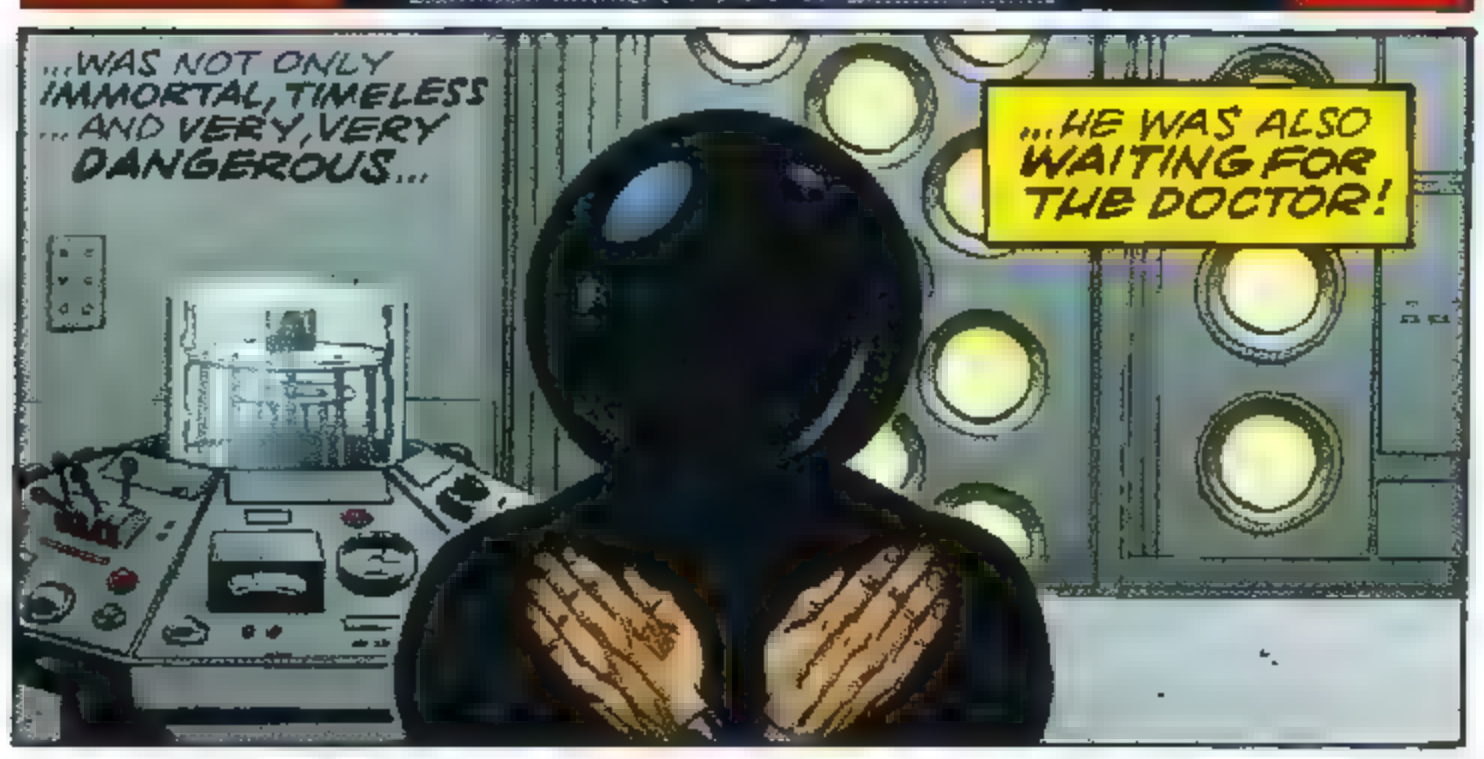

ARE YOU A KING IN THIS LAND?
I HAVE AN HONOURARY TITLE... NOTHING MORE...THE PEOPLE ARE MERELY SHOWING A RITUAL DEFERENCE TO THE TITLE...
BUT I'M HOPING TO EXTRACT A LITTLE MORE!

THE MATRIX ROOM ITSELF HELD MORE WONDERS FOR THE KNIGHT...
I ALWAYS KNEW THAT SUCH PLACES EXISTED... FOR I HAVE OFTEN SEEN THEM IN MY THOUGHTS AND DREAMS!



WITH ALL SECURITY FOCUSSED ON THE DOCTOR ... NOBODY NOTICED THE ARRIVAL OF A SINGLE FIGURE BY THE TARDIS ...

NOR COULD ANYBODY HAVE NOTICED ... BECAUSE, IN ESSENCE, THE FIGURE DID NOT EXIST ... AT LEAST NOT TO THE SECURITY WING'S OPTICAL SYSTEMS ... NOR TO THE MECHANISMS BY WHICH THE MANY FUNCTIONAL TARDISES ANNOUNCED THEIR ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES ...



WHO, AT THAT MOMENT, WAS BUSILY ENGAGED ELSEWHERE... HOOKED UP TO THE GREAT DATA BANK KNOWN AS THE **MATRIX**, WHICH CONTAINED ALL THE INFORMATION GATHERED BY TIME-LORDS THROUGHOUT GALLIFREYAN HISTORY...

AND MORE! FOR THE DOCTOR KNEW THAT THOSE TIME-LORDS STILL EXISTED IN DIS-EMBODIED FORM...

THE TIDES OF TIME

PART THREE

THE GREAT DEMON, **MELANICUS**, HAS TAKEN OVER THE **EVENT SYNTHESISER** -- A VAST ORGANIC MACHINE THAT REGULATES THE FLOW OF EVENTS IN TIME... DURING THE STRUGGLE WITH THE MACHINE'S GUARDIAN, A HUGE MAELSTROM WAS CREATED... A **WHIRLPOOL** IN SPACE...

...FROM WHICH THERE NOW ISSUED AN OBJECT... NOT SO MUCH A **PROJECTILE** AS A **SOUND**... SOMETHING WHICH, IN DAYS GONE BY, MAY HAVE BEEN KNOWN AS A **SPELL**...

... A **MANTRIC BOMB**... A CAPSULE OF ENERGY... DESIGNED TO BURST UPON ITS UNSUSPECTING TARGET...

...THE PLANET GALLIFREY!

WHILE ON THE PLANET'S SURFACE, DEEP WITHIN THE LABYRINTH OF THE **MATRIX DATA BANK**, THE DOCTOR AND THE GALLIFREYAN MASTERS OF TIME HOLD AN **EMERGENCY MEETING**...

DOCTOR... AN ACCOUNT OF RECENT **COSMIC EVENTS** WILL BE FED **DIRECTLY** INTO YOUR BRAIN'S MEMORY CELLS...

THEREBY YOU WILL BECOME AS **COGNISANT** OF THE FACTS AS OURSELVES...

I APPRECIATE THAT, LORD RASSILON ...BUT MAY I ASK WHY YOU FOUND IT NECESSARY TO INCLUDE...UH... **MERLIN THE WISE** ..AT A COUNCIL OF HIGH EVO-LUTIONARIES?

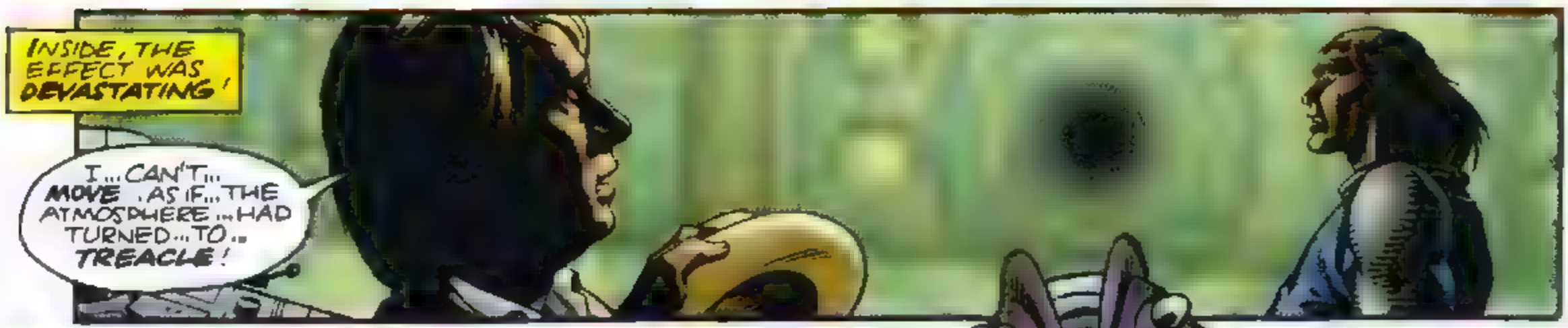
OH, COME NOW, DOCTOR...

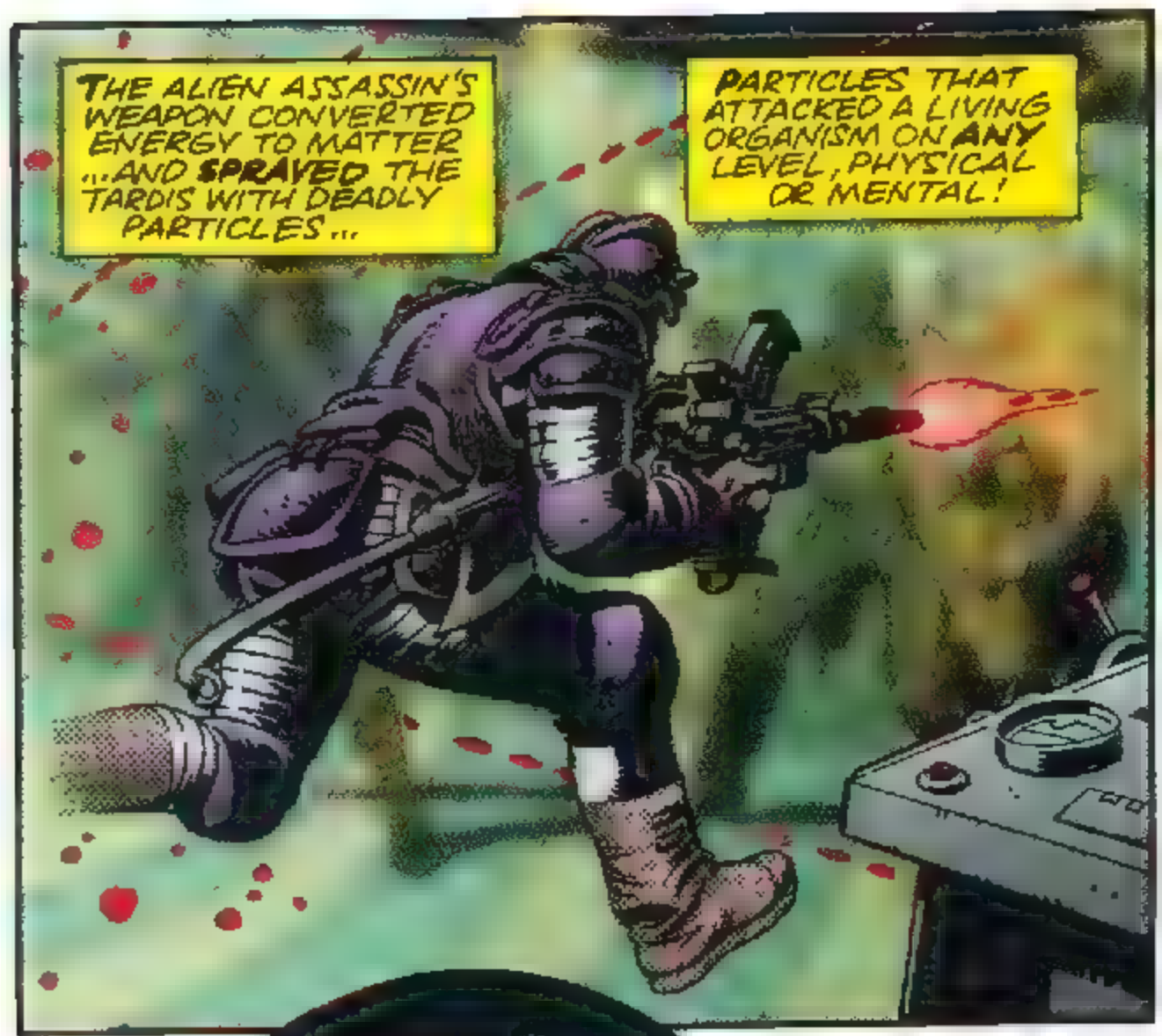
Script: Steve Parkhouse Art: Dave Gibbons Editor: Alan McKenzie

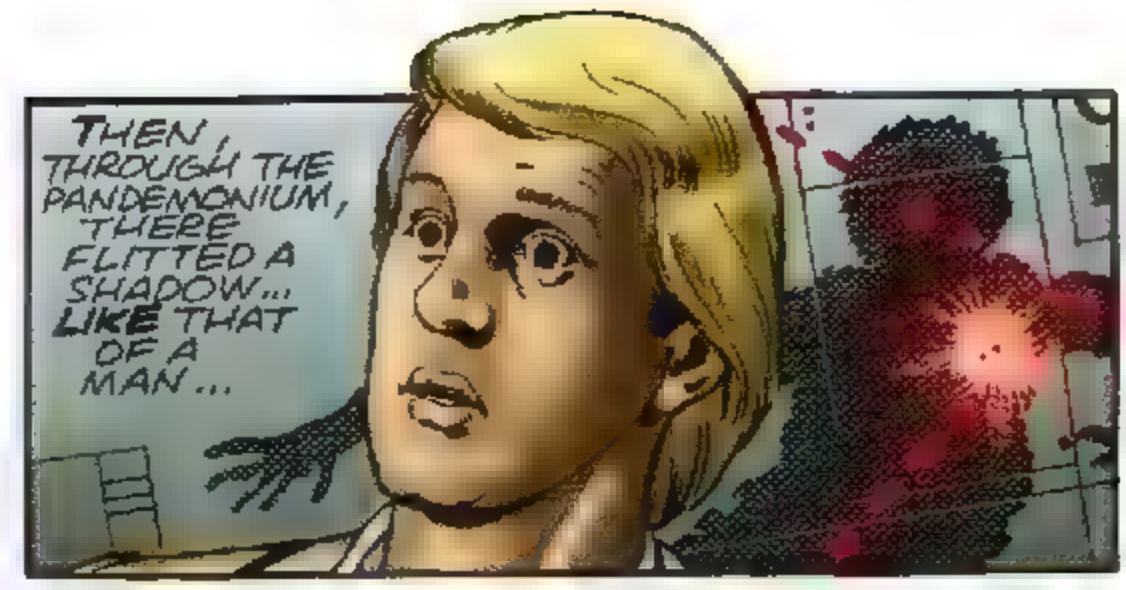
...THE VERY FACT OF MY PRESENCE ...WITHOUT THE SUPPORT OF SOPHISTICATED GADGETRY, SHOULD BE JUSTIFICATION ENOUGH...
...EXCEPT THAT I HAPPEN TO KNOW THE MAIN ADVERSARY ..ONE MELANICUS, WHO HOLDS A HIGH RANK IN THE DEMONIC PANTHEON ...AND WHO I ONCE BANISHED FOR A THOUSAND YEARS!
AND THE WAR WITH CATAVOLCUS?*
IS ANOTHER STORY ...A STORY THAT WILL UNFOLD WITH TIME!
* SEE LAST ISSUE
NEITHER IS IT A MATTER FOR IMMEDIATE CONCERN! WHAT MATTERS NOW IS THAT THE DOCTOR IS BRIEFED FOR HIS JOURNEY..
REMEMBER, MELANICUS NOW HAS ENORMOUS POWER ...HE IS A MASTER OF TIME AND SPACE ...A GRAND WIZARD OF CHAOS!
YOU MUST ATTEMPT TO LOCATE MELANICUS IN THE GULFS OF TIME...AND RESTORE THE EVENT SYNTHESISER!
WE WILL HELP YOU OF COURSE... WE HAVE CREATED A DIRECT LINK BETWEEN THE MATRIX AND THE TARDIS ...A MENTAL LINK WHICH WILL MAKE ITSELF KNOWN TO YOU...
RETURN NOW TO YOUR TARDIS ...YOUR VOYAGE IS ABOUT TO BEGIN!
A FEW SCANT SECONDS LATER... AND THE DOCTOR WAS IN FULL POSSESSION OF THE FACTS, FED TO HIM BY THE MATRIX...
WHAT TROUBLES YOU, MY FRIEND? YOUR FACE LOOKS SO GRIM! ARE THESE DAILY MIRACLES NOT ENOUGH TO MAKE YOU HAPPY?

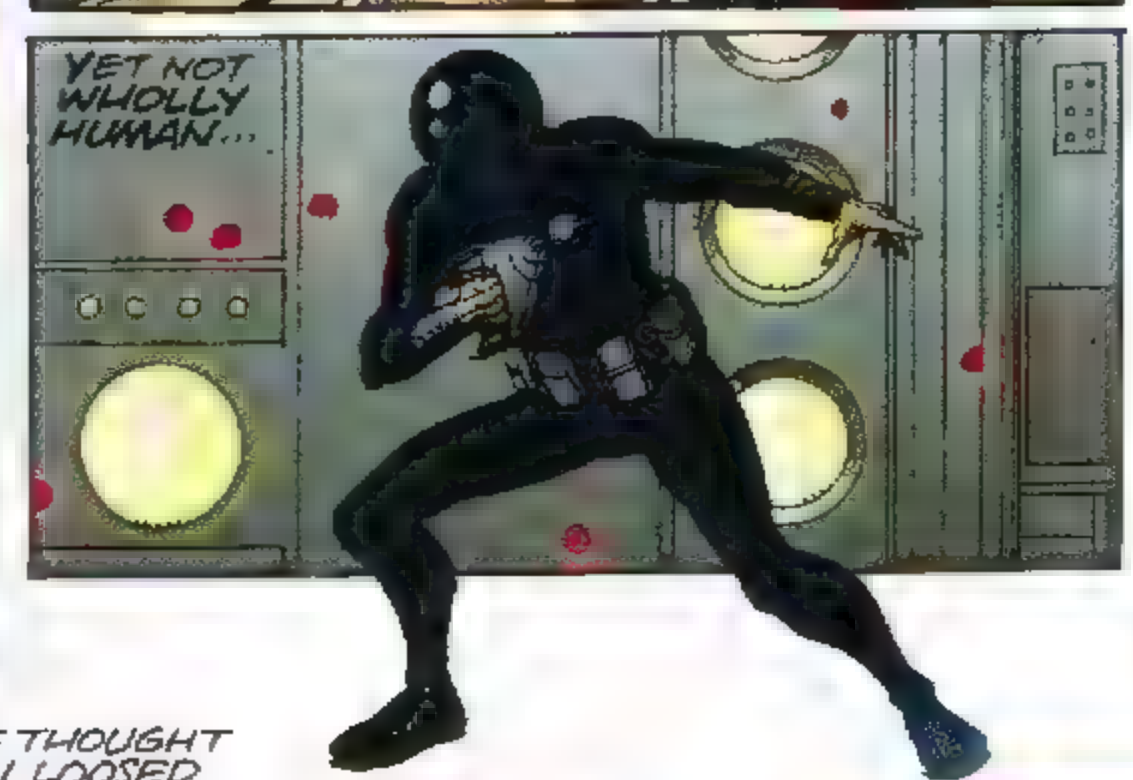
THE WAVE PATTERN ZEROED DOWN TO THE PLANET'S SURFACE... AND STRUCK THE TARDIS WITH A SOUND LIKE A THOUSAND DOUBLE BASSES!

THUMM!



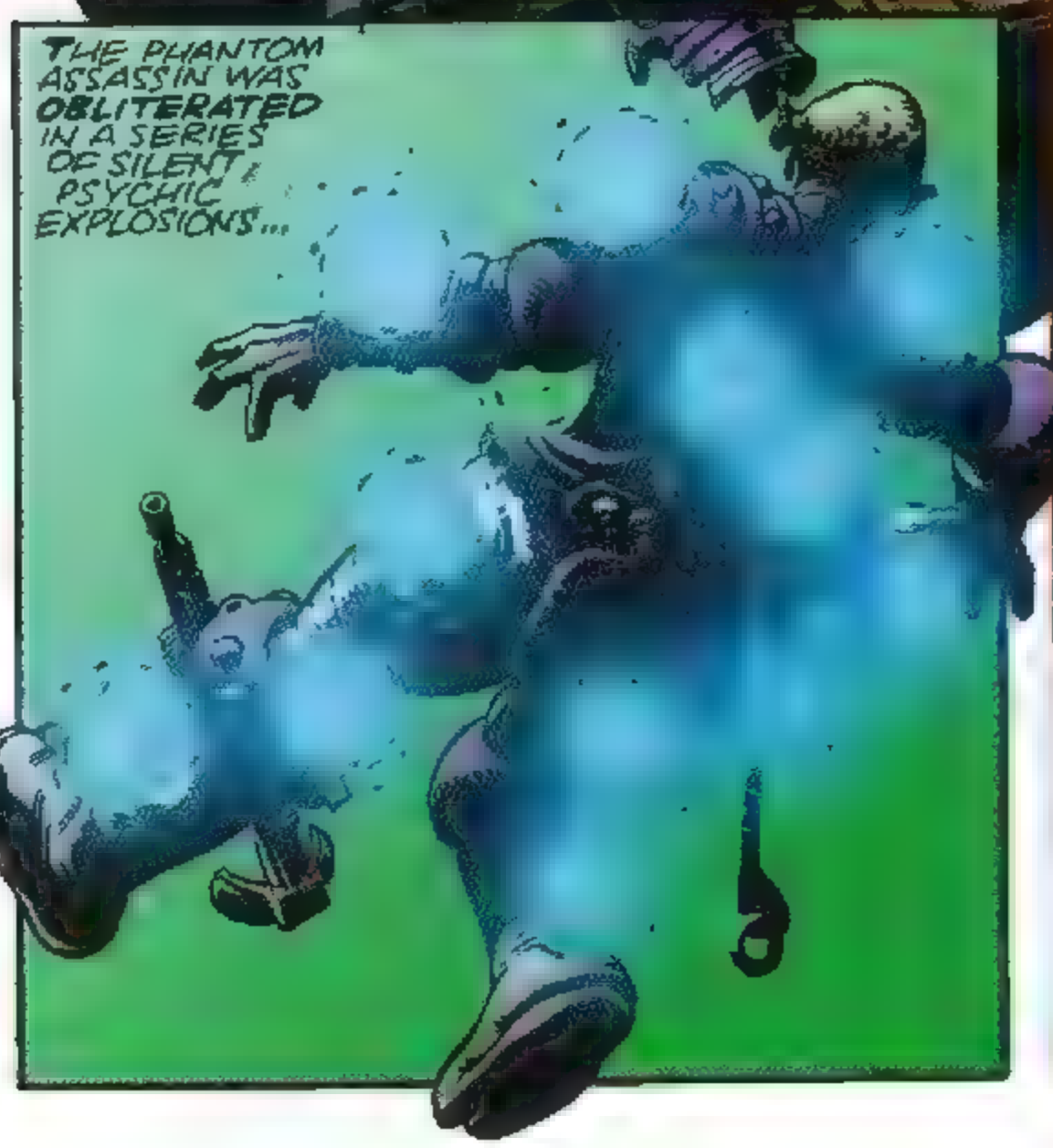


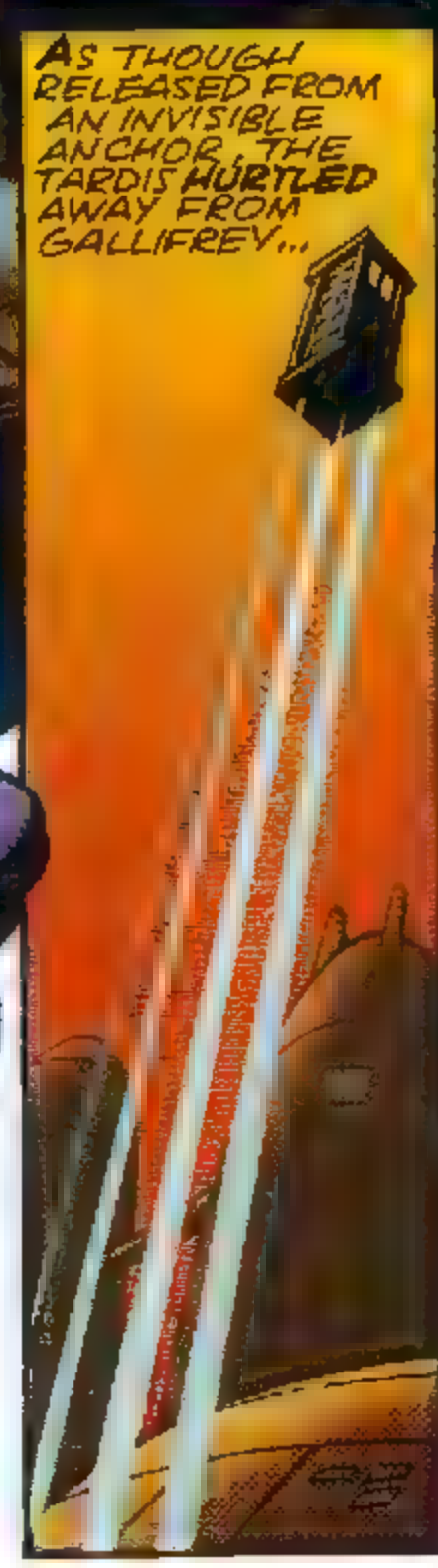


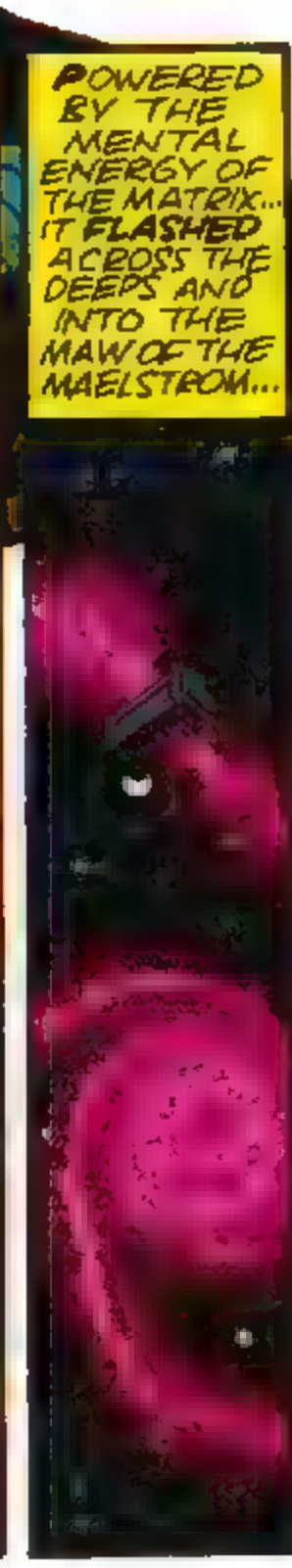


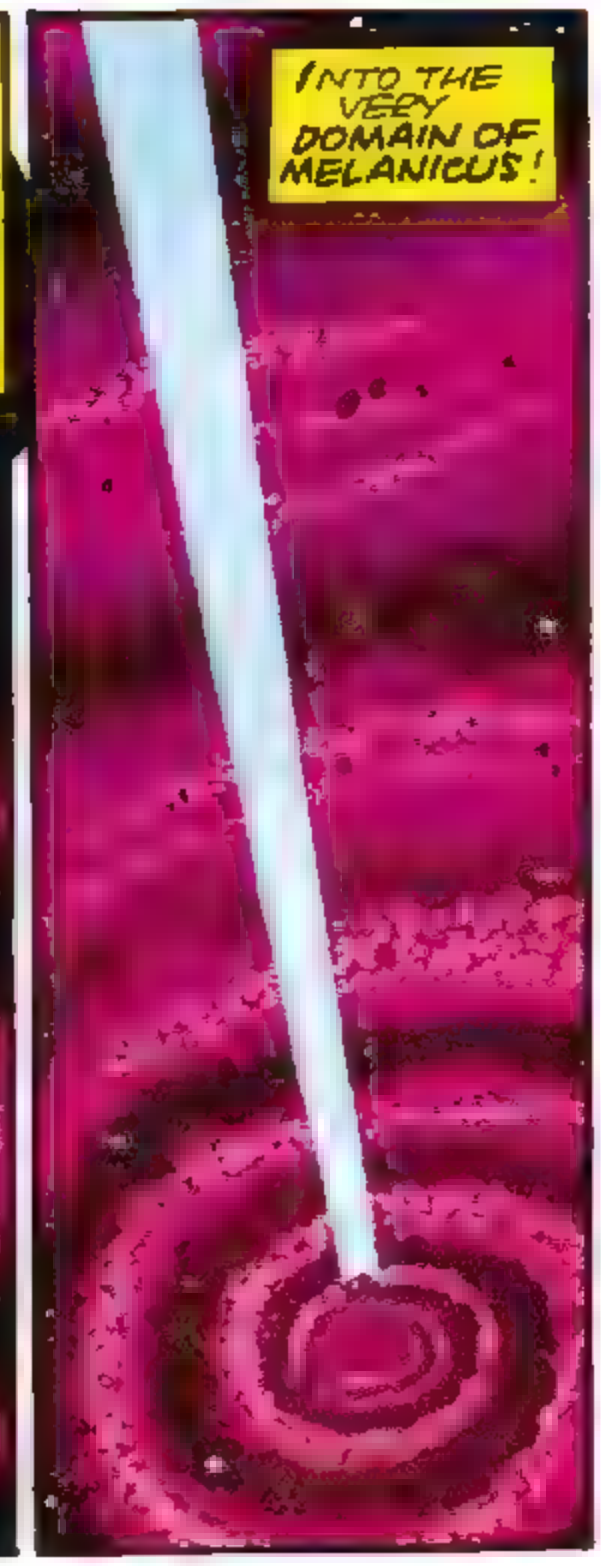
WITH THE SPEED OF THOUGHT ...THE SHADOW-MAN LOOSED OFF A FUSILLADE OF SHOTS...

THUB! THUB! THUB!









SPINNING DOWN THROUGH ENDLESS SPACE, THE TARDIS FELL... UNTIL...

KA-BLOOSH!

WHAT IS HAPPENING TO US, MY FRIEND? IS ALL THIS REAL?

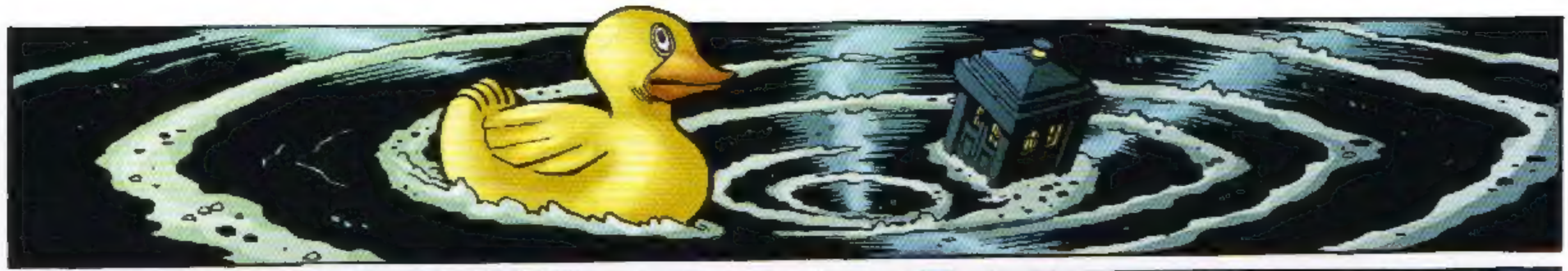
WE SEEM TO HAVE SPLASHED DOWN IN A LARGE BODY OF WATER... BUT I'M GETTING THE ODDEST PICTURES ON THE SCANNER!

VERY ODD INDEED!

THE SCANNERS INDICATE A LARGE, HOLLOW PLASTIC OBJECT... NO MEANS OF PROPULSION ...NO MECHANISM WHAT-SO EVER... IN SHORT...

A GIANT TOY DUCK!

I DON'T PRETEND TO UNDERSTAND THIS AT ALL!

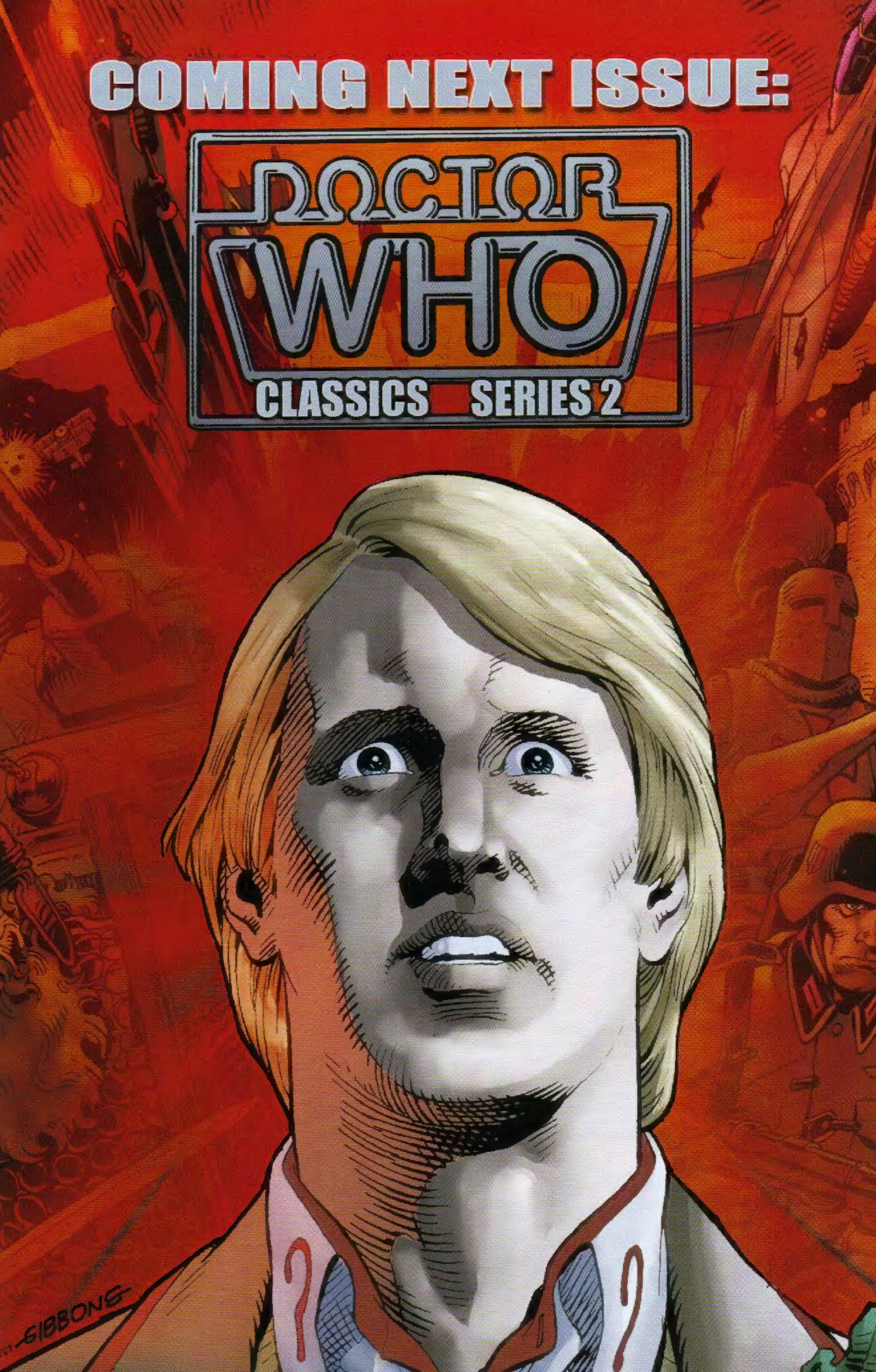


BLAM!
PA-DANG!

DOCTOR ...WHAT IS THIS PLACE? IS IT SOME KIND OF MARKET?
IT'S A FAIRGROUND, JUSTIN... A CARNIVAL! IT'S A BIT LIKE THE FAIRS AND MARKETS OF YOUR TIME, EXCEPT THAT IT'S DEVOTED TO ENTERTAINMENT...

THREE DUCKS WITH THREE SHOTS WINS A COCONUT! A COCONUT FOR THE GENTLEMAN WITH NO FACE!
DON'T EAT IT ALL AT ONCE, MISTER!
COME ON NOW... TRY YER LUCK! THREE SHOTS FOR FIFTY! WIN A PRIZE EVERY TIME!
Hall of Mirrors

JUST A MINUTE... THAT GIRL, OVER BY THE HOOPLA STALL ... I KNOW HER!
HEY! I KNOW YOU FROM SOMEWHERE, DON'T I? HEY! DON'T GO... WAIT!
STOP! I ONLY WANT TO TALK TO YOU!
GHOST
BLAST! I'M GOING TO LOSE HER!
SHE MIGHT HAVE A CLUE AS TO WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE!
EXIT
PASSENGERS TRAVEL AT THEIR OWN RISK
13
I WISH THIS THING WOULD GO FASTER!
GHOST TRAIN
13

HEEELPP!
AAAAAAAAGHH!
I SPOKE TOO SOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOON!
MOUTH OF HELL
OH, NO! NOW WHAT?
WHOOSH!
I DON'T LIKE TO ADMIT THIS TO MYSELF...
BUT IF THIS IS HELL...
...THAT MUST BE SATAN!
NEXT ISSUE: DREAM WARS!

COMING NEXT ISSUE: